found
IN
THE
RUINS

Hey all, welcome to the first edition of 'Found in the Ruins'. On the occasions where I actually get motivated enough to put together a zine, I feel like it needs to say everything. But that's never possible. What it does mean, though, is that there might not be a common thread. That's pretty much the case here (although you might notice a fair amount of writing about race and the police).

Originally, the reason for doing this zine was to put my thesis into another format. I've edited it to really say what I want it to (as opposed to being confined to academic standards) and it takes up a chunk of the middle of this zine. It's all about race. The rest is a collection of stuff i've written about, usually stuff that has made me angry.

Comedian in hot water

The British comedian Sasha Baron Cohen escaped a near-riot at a US rodeo while filming his satirical *Da Ali G Show*. A man introduced as Borat Sagdiyev from Kazakhstan – in reality a Cohen character – appeared at the rodeo in Salem, Virginia, after organisers agreed he would sing the national anthem. After telling the crowd he supported the "war on terrorism", he said: "I hope you kill every man, woman and child in Iraq, down to the lizards ... And may George W. Bush drink the blood of every man, woman and child in Iraq." Cohen and his film crew were escorted from the venue. – Reuters

Drink myself stupid in a pub with friends. Then worry it's only cos of the alcohol I had fun. Then realise it's actually cos I like the company of my friends.

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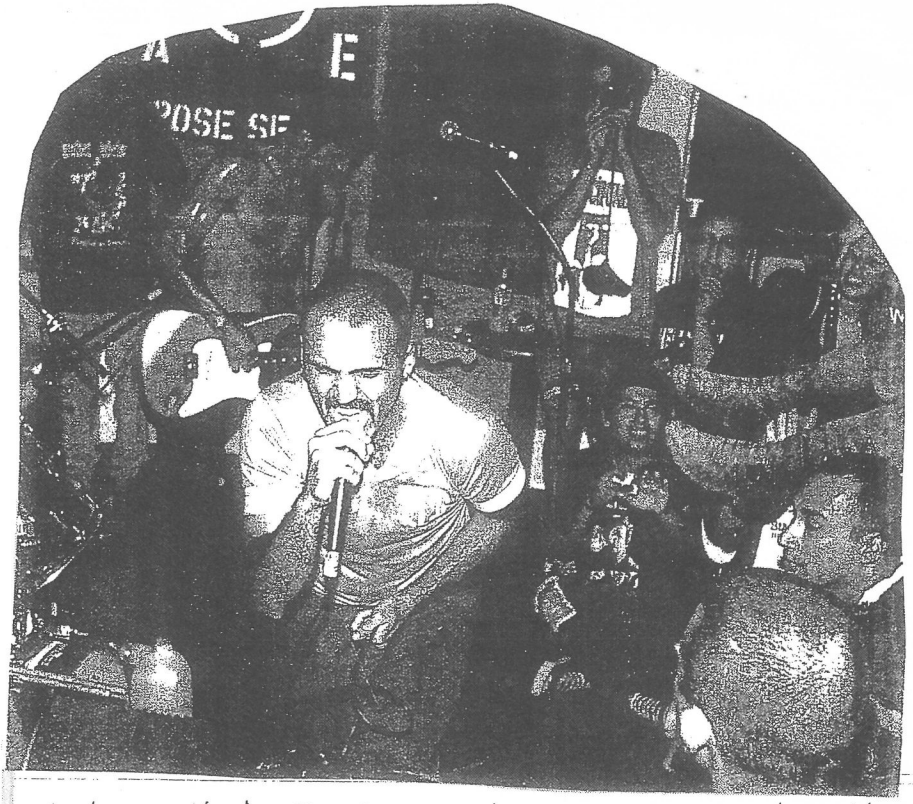


~~And so that~~ I'm disappointed that this zine doesn't reflect many happier or inspiring moments. They do occur in plentiful amounts - they can't not with the people I hang out with - I just don't write or write well about them. To rectify that, i've dispersed the last-minute (I like indexs, through this zine. It's more for my sanity than the sake of the zine. There's an example below. It's really lame. Sorry.

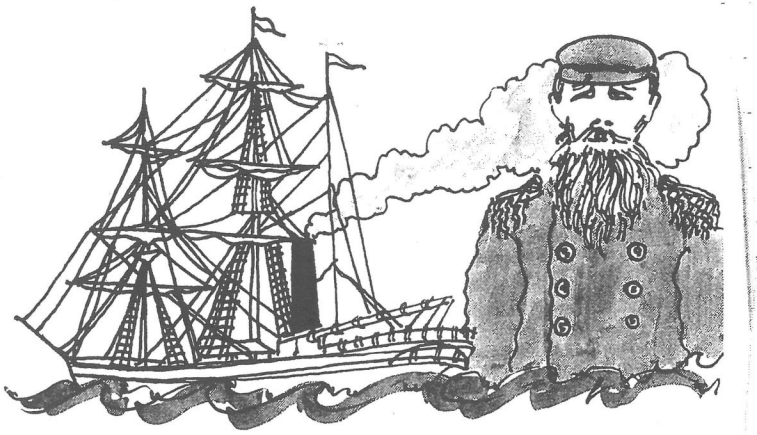
over there

This zine is for Lou, Nelson, Muting crew, people I drink with, people who bothered showing up at my court case, and the numerous cool people I've gotten to know this year.

Pt. Arthur

We ran through the splendidly restored ruins of Pt Arthur like bored school children. We spoke of ghosts lurking in the shadows. We hid behind corners and scared the person following. We made like corpses and took scary photos. It seemed the right thing to do. Not hushed reverence. But also not disrespectful to those that had suffered in the prison there. Not forgetting the brutal history of colonialism. But an act of appropriation, a refusal to be respectful to colonialism's violent past lovingly restored there in all its horrific glory.

Why do they maintain and restore historical sites? Is it history anymore? Port Arthur would be a pile of rubble if they hadn't. And that's all it should be. A broken remnant of a blood-stained past. And present. And I'd prefer to see in the future a pile of rubble where prisons, detention centres and other mechanisms of oppression stand rather than something splendidly restored.



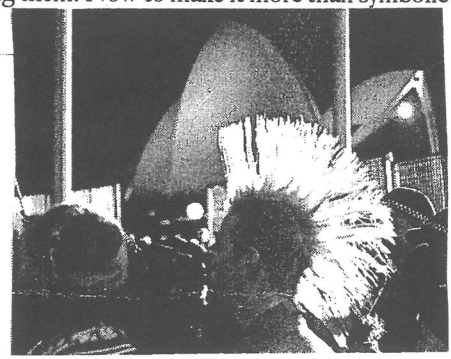
THE FORBES PROTESTS

August 29th, the day before: My affinity group (Mutiny) starts to solidify in terms of numbers and plans. A spokescouncil this night, not quite as frustrating as usual. Typically, the best thing about it is meeting up with lots of people you've never met and making plans. Wednesday shaping up as bigger day for protests with a series of decentralized actions planned. People I'm with, along with a couple of other affinity groups planning anti-war actions.

August 30th, the day: Mutiny crew finalises its plans for Wednesday in a pub before heading to UTS to join the students and some anarchisty-types (oh, and I nearly forgot - Christians Against Greed!). Numbers are small, but there's a lot of energy - a real buzz as we parade down George Street (the city's main road) towards Circular Quay with music, dancing, chanting, and a general carnivale type feel. This is helped by the surprisingly low number of police in attendance.

That's because it seems like their all at Circular Quay. Unfortunately the number of protesters there is quite small. Maybe 1500. After the usual speeches (and a surprise phone call where I find myself giving a live-to-air interview with 2SER) we're ready to march to the fences at the Opera House. This is quite surreal. The march is divided in two by the outdoor dining areas of those swish east Circular Quay restaurants. It's pretty much business as usual as we provide nothing more than a distraction for the diners. I feel like a novelty. Anyway, it does get better. One half of the march is now fronted by the red bloc (socialists), while the half I'm in has a random assortment of anarchists and other 'ratbags'. As soon as we come in sight of the fences we charge at them. The rest writes itself...

Okay then, the fences come down, police move in with horses, arrests are made. When the fences come down, one poor sod either jumps or falls onto the police side of the barricades. The brave dude picks himself up and charges forward. He is tackled by an attack dog and 5 coppers. No-one follows his lead. So yes, it was all very symbolic, a spectacle of opposition with little long-term gain. But I think people there who turned up would have got something out of it, and that's important. And the sense of immediate gratification that comes with tearing down a fence that police have erected is quite fulfilling. They keep putting up fences - Quebec, Genoa, Woomera, Cancun - and we keep breaching them. Now to make it more than symbolic (obviously, Woomera was).

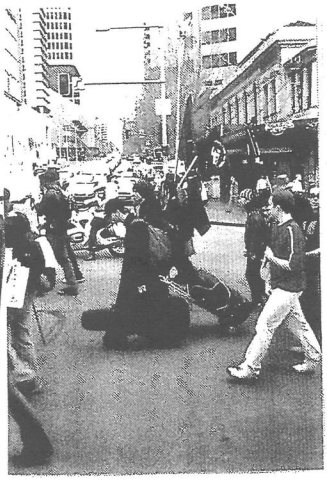


August 31st, the day after: This was the day. There were even less numbers, but could we be effective through a variety of decentralized actions happening at similar times around the city rather than the usual mass rally?

My day starts with a visit to Circular Quay with a friend. There are no protests planned for here today, but we get to witness the amusing exchanges between the public – barred from entering the Opera House – and the police trying to explain why. We take this opportunity to annoy cops. There's also the funny situation of tourists passing their cameras through the fences so police can take unobstructed photos for them.

From here I head back to Town Hall at midday for the Reclaim the Streets. I can only be there for less than an hour before having to rendezvous with Mutiny. RTS is small, about 50 people, but with no cops around, we take George St easily. It's colourful and vibrant and somewhat disorganized, but hey, that's the fun. Cops do turn up and try to push us onto the footpath but we circle them and get back onto the street. By the time I have to leave the cops are basically chaperoning the march.

I head to Hyde Park to meet with Mutiny people. Our numbers have swelled to over 20. Not so good is the police chopper hovering directly (and I mean directly and extremely low) overhead. Knowing we're being watched (and some cops do turn up) we decide to split into 3 groups and head to our destination. Our plan? To stop business for as long as possible at one big city branch of war-profiteers ANZ, while two other branches were simultaneously targeted by other groups. All at the same time as the RTS and another enviro action.



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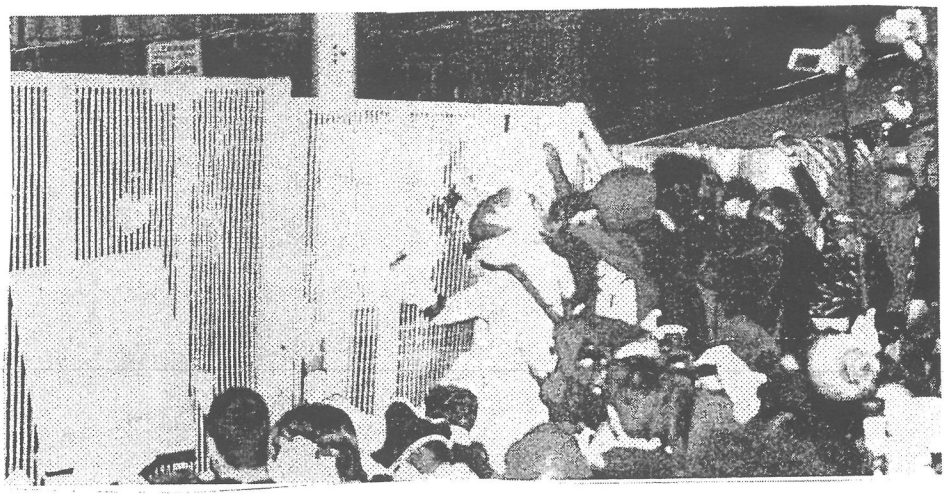
Meeting someone new who'll say something completely different to what anyone else I know would. Having to think about it for the rest of the day.

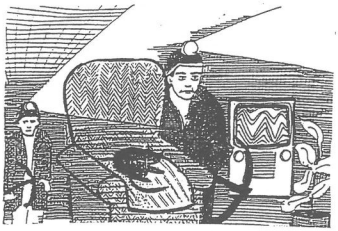


When we get to the ANZ we have to wait at the corner for about 5mins for some props to arrive. From this point we watch as police cars and bikes with sirens on zoom past every which way. I think they're on to us, but no, it's just the beautiful chaos of decentralized actions (with the RTS drawing most of the attention). When we finally decide to move it goes exceptionally well. We go in and make noise, throw paper around, fill out deposit slips, put up stickers, talk to the public and give out leaflets. Channel 9 turns up. There is theatre as we try to trade a 'dead' body for money. Eventually the security shutters go up, the cops make an appearance and we go outside. We've left the bank in a bit of a mess. With the cops doing our job for us, the branch decides to put up the 'closed for the day' sign. We get word that similar things had happened at the other branches. Then we get word that every city ANZ branch, even ones we hadn't targeted were closed for the day!

We also hear that RTS has run into trouble. Surrounded by cops and people arrested. We head over but things have calmed down by the time we arrive. A planned action at the Stock Exchange doesn't happen due to low numbers and high police presence. Then it was off to Sydney Central police station for some jail solidarity.

Postscript: The next day a group of about 20 of us split into two groups and went back to target ANZ. They were on edge, and after entering a couple of branches and causing a ruckus every single city branch shuts down again! Motivated, we try again on Friday, this time just aiming to shut them down for the last hour of business. And what do you know? We are successful again. Although, I did get arrested this time. Something about being tall and black. But I was released from the police station without charge. So all's well that ends well I guess.

To find out more about ANZ's involvement in Iraq, or to get involved wherever you may be send an email to mutineers@graffiti.net.



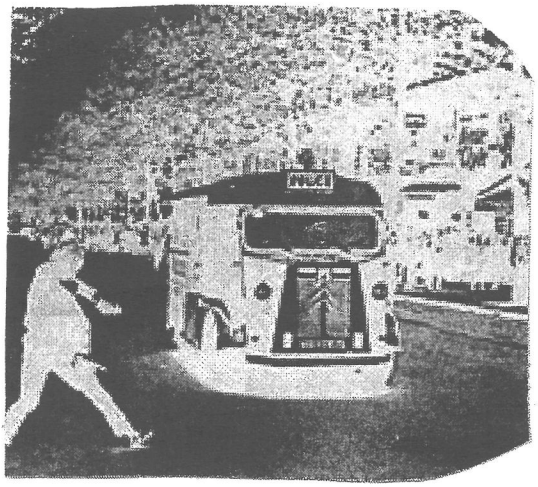
(I don't like) **Index**

New Orleans. Another shoot to kill policy. Black people again the target. What surprise?

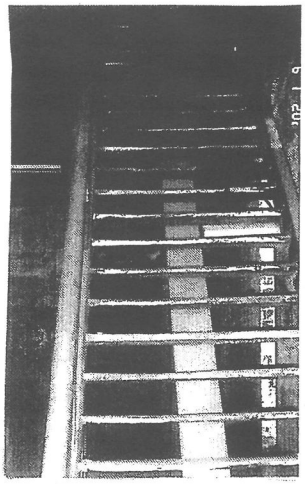
Since February last year there hasn't been a single month go by during which I haven't had a court case. I've lost count, but that's something like 15 appearances in court for adjournments, mentions, committals, hearings, appeals, etc. Currently I'm facing my most serious charge. It has been alleged I aided a refugee who had escaped from Villawood then escape Australia to New Zealand. But this is no place to talk any further about that.

What I want to talk about is how much of a mindfuck it all is. How mentally oppressive the legal system is. How it works through fear. Fear of ever standing up to police again after 4 of them jumped on me, pinned me to the ground, with one whispering racist insults into my ear at the Mayday Reclaim the Streets. Knowing they're stronger and being afraid of that violence. Knowing the court system will always take their word over mine. Having nightmares about police after this.

I have a very old neighbour. First thing in the morning he gets Meals On Wheels delivered. His front gate opening squeaks like my front gate. For months after the police turned up at my house at 7.30am (although, thankfully I wasn't home that day) to serve me with a summons for my court case, I would wake up to the squeaking gate and loud knock on my neighbour's door thinking it was the police come again.



Mentally these things affect me in different ways at different times. Sometimes I get angry and motivated. But mostly they are quite dispiriting. It physically wears me down. I have anxiety attacks. The state seems to have total control and hardly anyone is standing up to it. And how could I suggest they should when I'm saying how scary it is? I could be facing prison if I'm convicted on these charges with my previous record taken into account.



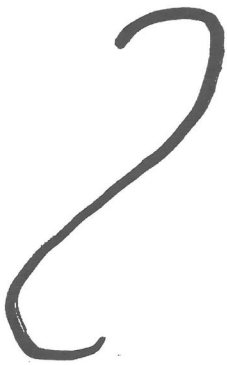
But I don't want to talk about that outcome specifically in relation to this case. Because what's more scary is the likelihood that no matter the outcome, I will be facing more court and prison in the future. Nearly any meaningful act of liberation/struggle in this society requires breaking the law. Well, obviously. The law and police are there to protect the state. It's hard to explain that this court case doesn't scare me so much. I've lived with it for so long now I'm used to it. It's what comes after. How will I cope with the seemingly inevitable next court case and the possibility of future incarceration? I'm unsure that collectively people are willing to confront this as reality. For all of us. But it is.

I don't want to provoke more fear. And even writing this seems to be a sign of the negative effects that constant confrontation with the state can have. And I don't want to be too scared. And I'm not actually. I'm not so scared of the state as of completely losing it from a feeling of being crushed on all sides. And so I guess the point of this is to suggest the need to seriously discuss the mental affects of all this and to think of ways of providing support for people in this position.

I need to add a quick note about my dissapointment in the lack of support/solidarity I received from (certain parts of) the 'anarchist community' around my court case. I had an article written. I decided not to print it for various reasons. But this needed mentioning not just for personal reasons, but as an important question posed about solidarity.

With the 2006 Football World Cup coming up in Germany, I thought it may be useful to mention a few interesting things about football so that certain people I know who would otherwise miss out will have something to talk about with everyone else. But instead of strategy and tactics, I thought I talk politics. This is far from comprehensive. I've missed out on the war that started over a football match, the team that complained it got a raw deal from referees because it's fans were communists and many others. And what I have mentioned I haven't described in much detail.

Celtic vs Rangers – Possibly the most famous rivalry in football is between these two Glaswegian teams. The Catholics of Celtic versus the Protestants of Rangers. Until the late 80's Rangers refused to sign Catholic players. Rangers' hardcore fans are considered loyalists, supporters of the Crown and of London's rule over Scotland. They are the establishment. Little wonder then that the green and white hoops of Celtic enjoy massive support in Ireland despite playing out of Glasgow.



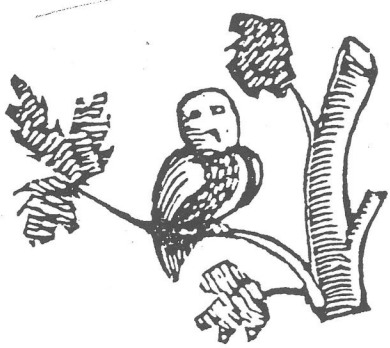
Barcelona vs Real Madrid – The other obvious football rivalry with a significant political grounding. Again, it's the establishment vs the marginalised and has a lot to do with a struggle for independence. This dates back to the Spanish Civil War and is made especially bitter by Franco's support of, and close relationship with, Real Madrid. This team came to symbolize the power and authority of the Spanish capital. Barcelona FC were the independence fighters and revolutionaries. The Catalans who refused to bow to the authoritarian govt. This rivalry persists today.

FIFA and Palestine – Simply, FIFA – that is football's world governing body – is one of the only major international bodies that recognises Palestine. They attempt to qualify for the World Cup under the flag of Palestine. They play in the Asian zone, while Israel plays in the European zone.

Robbie Fowler and the Liverpool dockers' strike – Back in the mid-90's the dockers of Liverpool had a series of massive strikes that went for months. Fowler, a Liverpool and England player, upon scoring a goal removed his jersey to reveal a t-shirt with a message of solidarity with the striking dockers. He was fined and possibly suspended for a game. A few years later after scoring another goal, Fowler would celebrate by running to the white line marking the pitch, get on his knees, put a finger to his nostril and snort. I'd say he was fined again.

Team of the week

WIGAN Athletic: Parrot disagreed with pre-season predictions that Wigan were going down, and last Sunday's gritty performance against Chelsea showed why, until undone by late Hernan Crespo magic. Wigan's line-up cost less than half of the £16.8 million ($40.1m) Chelsea paid for Crespo. "I don't want to get too political but if everyone was a socialist the world would be a better place," said Wigan manager Paul Jewell.



France and racism – In the lead-up to the 2002 World Cup, it looked like the far-right were going to win the elections in France. Nearly half the national team, including star player Zinedine Zidane, said they would not play if this happened. Zidane was born in Algeria and more than half the team were either born outside of France or had parents who were (mostly from Nth Africa). Many had arrived as refugees and typically, asylum seekers were a major target of the right. But the far-right didn't win. And nor did France. The World Cup that is.

St Pauli FC – A team that plays in Germany, somewhere in about the third-highest league (though was in top league a few years back). Notorious for being supported by punks since the 80's. The club's official website claims 'Non-Established Since 1910' and you'll see Anarchy symbols, skull and crossbones and Che on flags in the ground. The first club to ban right-wing nationalist tendencies from it's ground.

Guilty of (Not) Being White

A white supremacist society

There's an old Elvis Costello song called 'Less than Zero', which Costello wrote after watching a British chat show on which one of the guests is the leader of the National Front. Basically, Costello decides that when the this person can be interviewed as a 'normal' guest while expressing his party's racist politics as if they're an acceptable part of Britain's political discourse, then everything – all the brutal history of white supremacy and colonial racism – means less than zero. While that might be a bit vague I was told of it by a friend who had just watched Pauline Hanson appear on the TV show 'Dancing with Stars' as a celebrity guest. With this came the realisation that at a time when Hanson could move seamlessly from racist politician to celebrity cult figure and the Liberal party was just as seamlessly implementing the racist policies of One Nation in (slightly) more subtle and effective forms, then any discourse surrounding issues of race in the Australian mainstream really did mean 'less than zero'. The racists don't need to be identified as racists anymore and the 'lefty', small 'l' liberals were either unwilling or unable to challenge them in a way that ceded their own white privilege. This spectacle of political debate means less than nothing because both sides merely perpetuate white supremacy in terms of how national political discourse always occurs within a framework of the dominance of whiteness.

You may 'tolerate' me, but I won't tolerate you

The discourse of 'tolerance' in terms of multiculturalism must be entirely demolished for Australian society to move beyond this white supremacist normativity. Tolerance is constantly evoked in a manner that leaves no doubt as to who retains decision-making power. And tolerance cannot be removed from questions of power and domination. Therefore, when a white person speaks of tolerating the 'other' they are setting the ground for what they deem is acceptable and what is not. Power is enacted through deciding who gets included and excluded and in the same process a hierarchical dominance is asserted over those that are 'allowed' to be included. This is the form in which the idea of tolerance has been taken up alongside nationalism in Australia. It is why the white liberal left must be challenged for constantly using the term tolerance as a form of anti-racism. As Hage precisely articulates in *White Nation*:

> It is a strategy aimed at reproducing and disguising relationships of power in society, or being reproduced through that disguise. It is a form of symbolic violence in which a mode of domination is presented as a form of egalitarianism. (1998: 87)

As such the continued use of tolerance and proclamations that 'we're all Australian' by white people (and some non-white people) in the mainstream left trying to challenge racist government policy (especially as I've experienced within the refugee movement) are perplexing. As if non-white people should be told who

or what they are. It is a denial of the agency of the ethnic 'other' by white people and is not so perplexing when considered in the context of white people being unwilling to give up or even challenge the privilege that whiteness affords them. So when Thomas Keneally, the proudly patriotic but still 'bleeding-heart' liberal writer, claims that protest is the birthright of Australians, where does that leave those refugees protesting inside the detention centers and those of us outside not born in Australia? While this anecdote doesn't specifically refer to whiteness it does underline how tolerance is used in conjunction with nationalism. Hage explains in his analysis of tolerance that an added aspect is that while upholding the power of whiteness it also is an attempt to "mystify that element of coercion and to present tolerance as if it were merely a benevolent choice" (1998: 101). This would explain Keneally's use of birthright, and is generally relevant to how tolerance is invoked by the liberal left as an inherently Australian quality.

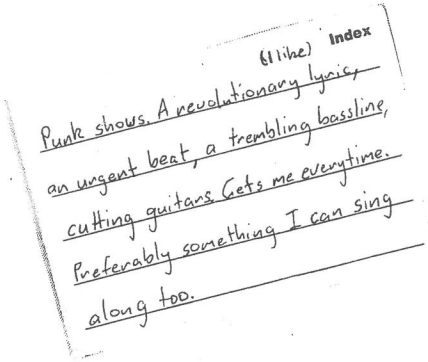
The way in which the liberal left uses the idea of tolerance being an inherent Australian quality not only reproduces whiteness as the dominant, but also re-affirms the control of the state. This is because it is always presented as an appeal to the government that it should develop more 'tolerant' policy to reflect the 'true' Australian spirit. I see this as a point at which anarchists' anti-nationalist and anti-statist positions could be useful as part of a critically engaging anti-racist struggle in Australia. I do think these are useful positions to really challenge white supremacy in Australia. The reliance on the state is ultimately perpetuating a belief in nationalism and by extension perpetuating whiteness as the norm in Australia. Aileen Moreton-Robinson highlights some of the problems in relying on the state in her critique of feminist struggle in Australia:

> White feminist alliances with the state maintain the centrality of the subject position middle-class white woman in policies and programs designed for all women. This enables racial and cultural differences to be managed without disturbing normative practices or the structural location of white power and privilege. (2000: 182)

The state cannot be relied upon to subvert structural hierarchies. As such I consider any challenge to racism in all its forms in Australia must be based on the agency of every particular oppressed group, rather than ceding agency to the government.

Racism outside and in

The institutionalised racism that I have described in Australian society plays out both as racism aimed outside of the national borders and also that which occurs within. Racism practiced towards that which is beyond the national border, is most practically exemplified in the differentiation between 'illegal' and 'legal' immigrants. Here the complicity of government with the project of capitalist globalisation is also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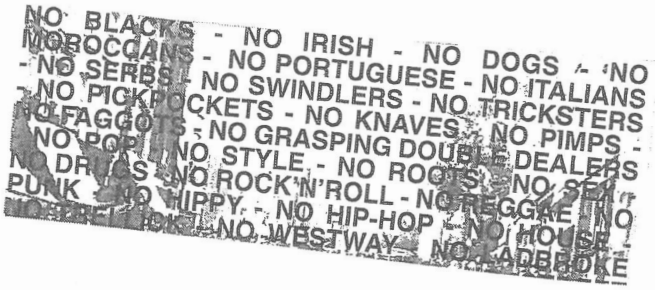
Punk shows. A revolutionary lyric,
an urgent beat, a trembling bassline,
cutting guitars. Gets me everytime.
Preferably something I can sing
along too.


NO BLACKS - NO IRISH - NO DOGS - NO
MOROCCANS - NO PORTUGUESE - NO ITALIANS
- NO SERBS - NO SWINDLERS - NO TRICKSTERS
NO PICKPOCKETS - NO KNAVES - NO PIMPS -
NO FAGGOTS - NO GRASPING DOUBLE DEALERS
NO POP - NO STYLE - NO ROCK'N'ROLL - NO REGGAE - NO
NO DRUGS - NO HIPPY - NO HIP-HOP - NO HOUSE -
PUNK - NO WESTWAY - NO ADELBROKE

exposed. Strict border security and immigration controls are necessary to uphold global divides between production and consumption, between the cheap labour force of the third-world and the rich consumers of the first. The links between the racist policing of national borders and global capitalism have been exposed by numerous writers and it is not my concern here. I am more concerned with how the situation within Australian society allows the government to getaway with such racism. The simplest answer is that Australia is a white supremacist society stricken with a fear of the foreigner, particularly those who might dare transgress the codes of normative whiteness. Joseph Pugliese (using second person narrative for effect) describes:

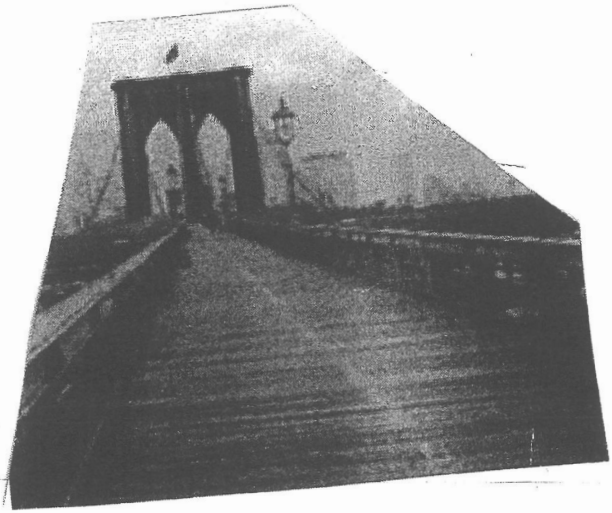
> The fear and anxiety generated by the incursion of the refugee into the nation springs from this power to put into question this "my-for-me" ... you stand there in your indecent state of utter destitution, and proceed to call into question our mode of existence. (2002: para 47)

This explains particularly how so many people can justify the indefinite imprisonment of asylum seekers, because in desperately breaking the laws of global migration to find a better life, they have already shown their capability to transgress. Add the post World Trade Centre hysteria around Arabs and the Liberal party's aggressive rhetoric of deciding who gets access to this country and the racist fear towards asylum seekers reached new heights. It all reflected Sara Ahmed's idea that "the stranger only appears as a figure of danger by coming too close to home: the boundary line is always crossed, both 'justifying' the fear and legitimating the enforcement" (2000: 37). This is not the right-wing extremism that usually only appears at the fringes of society and which Howard would be smart enough to denigrate. That is not to say that it does not still have the same brutal consequences – for that we need not look past the detention centers used to imprison asylum seekers.

Racism as it occurs within the borders of Australia takes so many direct and indirect forms it is impossible to articulate them all. bell hooks talks about how living in a white supremacist context can have socially pathological affects on the non-white person (1995: 25-26). My experience, and from conversations I've had with my non-white friends, suggests that not only is this also the case in Australia but that it is exacerbated by the continued assertions that what we have is a tolerant society. And I'm definitely not the only non-white person to have felt that the next white person who starts a conversation by asking where I'm from (A: "I grew up in Sydney". Followed by a quizzical look and a further question "No, where are you really from?") before going on to condescendingly explain that it's ok because you're an Aussie now and we're a tolerant society is going to be on the end of some serious abuse and/or violence. I can also call on a number of examples of overt racism which used to bring the feeling that I could prevent such expressions of hate by being more quiet, more non-questioning and more conformist.

However at some point the politics of institutional racism unsurprisingly forced me into challenging the state in further ways. And let me say with the certainty of experience (as if most Indigenous people, Muslims or any other racial or ethnic group that has been targeted in some law and order campaign need to be told), when you're caught challenging the state, police are more than willing to whisper racist insults into your ear as three of their friends have you pinned to the ground.

If you are one of the 'lucky' non-white immigrants granted access to Australia then you'd better conform to the norms of whiteness and work hard to contribute to the economy. Writing about the Howard government's use of race to win the 1996 election, Geoffrey Gray says "In this world Australians are at ease with themselves and their past, and 'whiteness' as a cultural and social value is sought by all" (1999: 81). In this country if you are not white, you are required to give the appearance that whiteness is what you seek to attain. When ethnic groupings started to transgress these codes then more overt racial vilification becomes acceptable. I remember looking at the Vietnamese in Cabramatta and the Lebanese in Lakemba with some amount of jealousy. There were communities that had the conservative white population in uproar. They dared transgress, or so I was told. Then with envy my eyes turned to the race riots of the late nineties in northern England in which the main participants were subcontinent Asians. I felt some pride – these were 'my people'. Why wasn't that happening here? In hindsight I think it is suggestive of the extent to which racism is institutionalised in Australia instead of taking more visible forms. Multiculturalism's greatest success was to cover up the extent of racism in Australia. With no National Front to spark such riots (although the violence of the police on occasion has resulted in such an explosion of fury), the problem of racism in Australia can be mostly concealed in that discourse of 'tolerance'.



A nationalism all to ourselves

My experience of anarchist communities in Australia has been notable for a general lack of engagement with issues of race. No, I'm not asking too much, especially because this lack of engagement goes for issues of race within the community and not just in terms of interacting with anti-racist struggles on a broader scale. The problem as I see it is that too often we simply fall into exclusive subcultural practice, unwilling to challenge accepted and comfortable assumptions or ways of acting. This tendency affects the entire way in which racial politics are played out within the community. I'm not suggesting community isn't important and generally a community is going to be defined by certain cultural practices, but as Mimi Nguyen says:

> 'Community' is a double-edged sword, a formation dependent on a clear-cut perimeter, borders that can be defended and enforced. In a sense, a community operates with qualifications for inclusion and more, criteria for *exclusion*. (2000: website)

As a "double-edged sword" that criteria for exclusion isn't always a bad thing. It is what a community may use to define itself. For example I would expect that a member of One Nation would not be accepted into a community committed to anti-racism. However, this doesn't excuse the blanket forms of exclusion that anarchist communities practice whether by design or not. Why yes, it's our own version of border protection. In opting for marginalisation as a tactic of resistance anarchists are making it extremely difficult for already marginalised coloured people to access this community. This marginalisation is also quite often extremely self-righteous as can be seen in the condemnation of anyone whose language does not express the 'perfect politics' of our own – a position which shows a lack of understanding of socialisation and which is alienating.

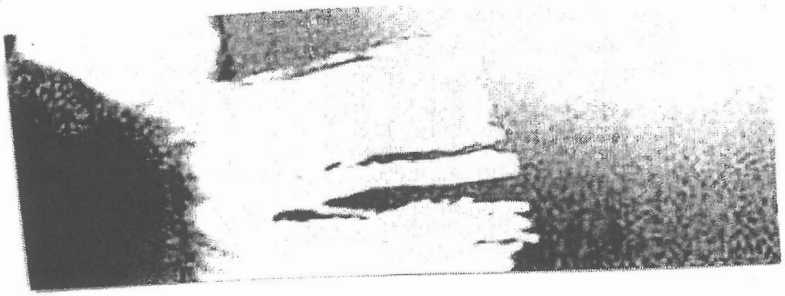
At this point what we get could be called 'subcultural nationalism'. It reflects some of Ghassan Hage's ideas about 'paranoid nationalism', but as it is enacted on a much more localised level, doesn't occur in quite the same way. It is enacted as a form of paranoia about the safety of the lifestyle we 'care' about in the face of capitalist expectations and which does result in exclusionary practices. As a result, our self-perceived position ultimately becomes that of a completely oppositional subculture. Here the slight variation on Hage's concept of 'paranoid nationalism' is exposed. He suggests that it is when the nation can no longer offer hope to its citizens that "they project the fear that is inherent in the fragility of their relationship with their own nation onto everything classified as alien" (2003: 21). However, I would argue that it is not because anarchist communities no longer offer hope, but rather that because the hope that they offer is always framed and perceived as oppositional to the mainstream that a sense of fragility with our own community exists. In constantly articulating hope through the rhetoric of subverting the oppressive structures of the mainstream, a conflict is created from which anarchist communities can never emerge victorious but must instead take the position of heroic underdog resisting oppressive hegemony. Here hope can only be found *within* the community and not outside and this does manifest as a fear of the mainstream alien. I am not suggesting that all the characteristics of anarchist communities reflect this 'subcultural nationalism', rather that even the positive aspects always seem to occur in a framework that is exclusionary. The ways that this exclusion is practiced, in terms of race, results in the privileging of whiteness as the norm.

But I thought we left our privilege at the door

White privilege is not often identified as a major issue within anarchist communities. When it is, it is mostly dealt with quite superficially and as if it is not a particularly bad form of racism, not as bad as a racist insult to someone's face. It is *the* dominant form of racism and it is completely structural, in much the same way as whiteness is constructed as normative in the rest of society. It is why non-white people are not often part of this community, because we allow practices that are comfortable for white people to go unchallenged as if they are either comfortable for everyone, or if their not, then it's okay anyway because we have our struggle and they (the non-white 'other') have theirs. This structural hegemony of whiteness must be deconstructed not just so there can suddenly be all these coloured people involved in anarchist communities – they won't just suddenly sign up – but so that we can actually have a community that is anti-racist in a meaningful and structural way. As Nguyen has written, "while race everywhere else is understood as institutional, structural, within the scene it gets talked about in terms of often isolated, individual attitudes" (1999: website). So while anarchists have been able to produce stunning critiques of multiculturalism and how it reproduces racist modes of thought this has not extended to a critique of race within anarchist communities.

The general claim to anti-racism of anarchist communities enables the structural problem of white privilege to be obscured. After all why would someone want to be part of a progressive community if they were racist? This ignores the real issue of how racial privilege manifests. It also ignores the fact that it is much easier for a white person to be superficially anti-racist then for a coloured person to superficially leave behind their racial 'baggage'. As a friend, Nelson, suggested to me, the assumption goes that upon taking up 'membership' of this community a white person is considered to be anti-racist. It seems that the need to unify through some overarching sense of identification is a result of the idea within anarchist communities that everyone is seeking some sort of refuge from the mainstream capitalist hegemony and that we have all been damaged by it in some way. This completely fails to recognise the existence of a multitude of different types of hierarchical, structural oppressions that we live under. It also fails to recognise that, despite being 'radical communities', those structures do not suddenly disappear as soon as we enter a community space. What I'm not attempting to do is to create some sadistic race to the bottom, where the person who can pile up the most forms of oppression wins. However, it is necessary to show how the idea of solidarity through 'shared victimisation' allows different instances of power to go unrecognised and, in terms of race, for white privilege to go unchallenged. bell hooks most precisely depicts the result of this idea:

> A construction of political solidarity that is rooted in a narrative of shared victimisation not only acts to recenter whites, it risks obscuring



> the particular ways racist domination impacts on the lives on marginalised groups. Implicit in the assumption that even those who are privileged via racist hierarchy suffer, is the notion that it is only when those in power get in touch with how they too are victimised will they rebel against structures of domination (1995: 153).

As hooks tells it, the idea of 'shared victimisation' has the effect of incorporating all forms of oppression back into normative modes of thought where questions of how power is enacted don't actually get interrogated. This is especially relevant in anarchist communities where the idea that even white people suffer under hierarchies of racial privilege is perpetuated (as are other forms, such as that men suffer under patriarchy). Simply it means that only when someone feels personally oppressed by a certain structural hierarchy will they act to change it, which if it is the case renders any form of anarchist activism obsolete as it reduces the possibility of meaningful solidarity.

In terms of anarchist communities then, just speaking the rhetoric of being an open non-hierarchical community does not subvert the problems of power and domination that are implicated in race. Ultimately, in terms of race – as the experience of multiculturalism in Australia has shown us – power is held onto and enacted as a system of domination by the white majority in the form of deciding who gets access and when to this community. Yes, non-white people in this community can have a voice. As I've argued a significant positive element of these anarchist communities is the ability for people who are not in the dominant group regarding race, gender, sexuality, etc to express their criticisms. However, this does not hide the fact that to be involved in this community to such an extent, I would already have had to assimilate to some degree to a set of expectations that are informed by normative whiteness. As hooks says, "When black people enter social contexts that remain unchanged, unaltered, in no way stripped of the framework of white supremacy, we are pressured to assimilate. We are rewarded for assimilation" (1995: 187). And it is often more comfortable then the alternative. It is that comfort that often means privilege within our community is not confronted and this is not a satisfactory outcome. Another friend of mine, Noha, who has long been involved in the anarchist and punk communities, told me that:

> When you're a woman, or a person of colour, and I think in the case of the punk scene in Sydney if you were queer as well ... you always have to go somewhere else to access other parts of your identity, of your personality... There are a lot of people in the punk scene who don't have that experience, and they're the white men. They don't need to go anywhere else. They have the choice of making punk their life. (personal correspondence)

The idea that only certain people feel entirely comfortable in these communities, is a question of how power is situated and what issues get taken up. It should not just be left to non-white people to have to raise and resolve problems of racial power.

DISTRICT COURT
(Criminal Jurisdiction)
at Sydney

File No:

This is real!

THE QUEEN
against
Sunil Menon

INDICTMENT
for
Sunil Menon

Under section 10(1)(a), Passports Act 1938 (Cth) and section 11.2(1) Criminal Coden Act 1995 (Cth)

Law Part Codes: 18345

Accounting for white privilege

Whiteness is not neutral, it is a race and through a long history of oppression of non-white people it happens to be the race that holds the most power *everywhere* in this society. Anarchist communities do not subvert that just by saying we're different. hooks describes how progressive:

> Whites fail to understand how they can and/or do embody white supremacist values and beliefs even though they may not embrace racism as prejudice or domination, ... they cannot recognise the ways in which their actions support and affirm the very structure of racist domination and oppression that they profess to wish to see eradicated. (1995:185)

Truly anti-racist white people need to question themselves every time they think about race as to why they are positioning whiteness as the referential norm. They need to ask themselves just how much of their privilege is based on that very simple assumption of whiteness as the norm. If your white, you'll never feel the intensification of fear that I'm facing at the moment as I'm being hauled in front of the legal system. Knowing that as a non-white person accused of having helped a non-white asylum seeker transgress laws that uphold the power of whiteness, I will be dealt with in the harshest way possible. I know from experience that when giving evidence at a trial for a friend arrested at a protest, that the evidence of me and two other coloured people was verbally dismissed by the magistrate, who did not stop short of calling us liars. The evidence of the one white witness was deemed to be the only credible story supporting the case of the defense. From this understanding of the structural power of whiteness in society there must also come an understanding that this structural power is replicated in our own communities. This questioning of white privilege by white people is the only way that a mostly white community can even begin to contemplate being truly anti-racist.

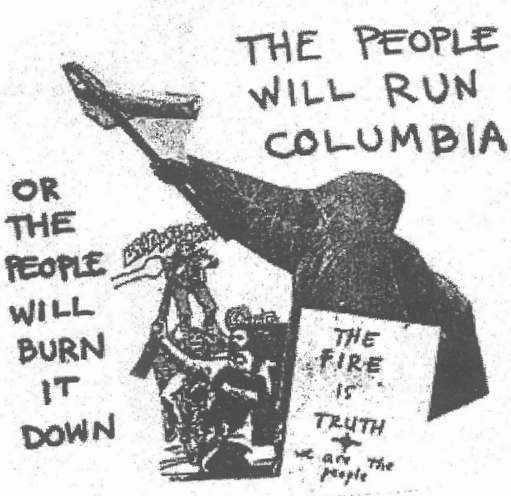
The form that interrogating and hopefully undermining white privilege might take is a somewhat trickier question. White people must take on challenging racial privilege on their own accord and I can imagine that for myself this process might bore me to tears. Something like watching paint dry, and worse still every wall is painted white. So to some extent this should be a process that white people

can do for themselves without waiting for non-white people to initiate. However, my concern would be that it would turn purely into a confessional. Also, I'm extremely wary of the idea of being a race traitor – that white privilege can just be given up. Simply it cannot be. However, as Mimi Nguyen argues, "You *can* be accountable to your social location. Interrogate and historicise your place in society, punk, whatever, and be aware of *how* you talk about race, gender, sexuality – it's political" (1999: website). That is, before the possibility of giving up white privilege, responsibility should be taken for the social power of whiteness. The idea that it's as easy as being able to just give up this privilege is not too different from the idea that whiteness is not a race and issues of race are only questions for non-white people. It is useful to conceive of this in the way that Fiona Probyn describes:

> There is no giving up of power without power being taken/transmuted into another form; taking responsibility, taking a good hard look at yourself, taking care, taking part, taking on ressentiment, taking up the challenge, taking time, taking to task, taking over? (2004: para 40)

With recognition of the social location of whiteness and the power that it holds, the possibility arises of transforming it from an oppressive manifestation of power into an opportunity to be accountable.

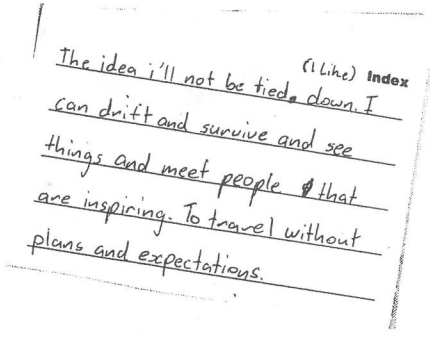
The position of whiteness within the playing out of race politics within our communities needs to be acknowledged. Josie, a friend of mine from Britain, sent me an email with some thoughts she had written last year where she argued that there must be "An open, honest willingness on the part of white people to examine the reality that we are shaped by the same history and institutions that perpetuate racism". She concluded that "goodwill or good intentions alone will not change the fact that we are part of perpetuating racism" (personal correspondence). The ability of white people to be self-reflexive and locate socially and historically the power of whiteness can be a useful point to begin to envisage an anti-racist community. Yes, it remains a difficult task to give up privilege individually when white normativity is so dominant throughout society, but taking on responsibility for that power and working towards undoing the negative implications of it is a way to move towards broader structural change. Obviously, this can't occur on it's own, and there must also be a willingness from white people to really listen to the voices of coloured people.



Broader anti-racist struggle

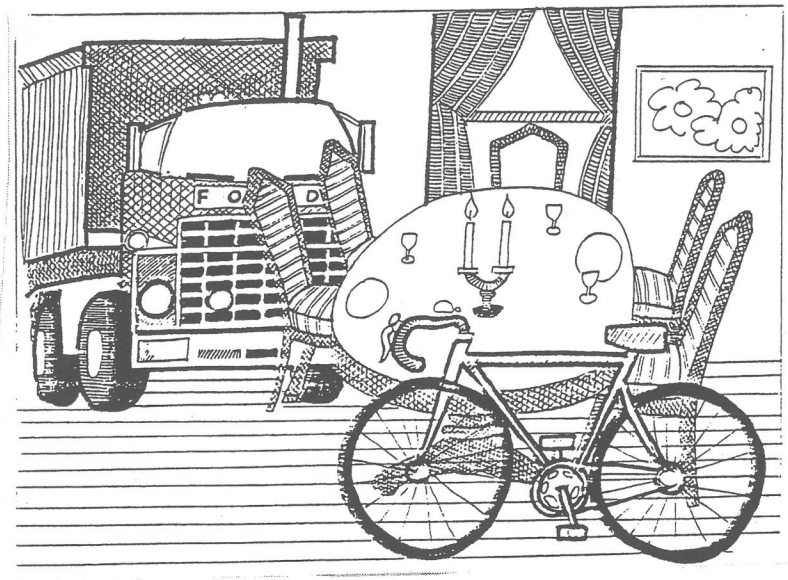
A part of white people in these communities (and white people in any community for that matter) challenging the comfort of their racial privilege is to participate and support other forms of anti-racist resistance. The need to listen to voices of coloured people and how we experience race is crucial. It is possible for people who are really interested in challenging how power is held in society and their own privilege within that to listen to different voices and cede their power in particular instances. In fact, entering spaces that aren't a comfort zone and where you may in fact be a minority makes that much easier to do. Zakiyyah, writes in 'An Open Letter to the Punk/DIY Community', if we are serious about challenging racism (and sexism and homophobia), it will "involve being uncomfortable, and working with people whom you normally wouldn't, and giving them leadership roles and at times following their agendas and not your own" (1999: 62-63). This requires moving beyond the comfort of our little niche. As Otto Nomous writes on the Anarchist People of Colour website, "plenty more (people) share our principles and political beliefs but we never see them because they don't share our style and cultural preferences" (2004: website). In terms of race, participating in broader anti-racist struggle will also have a positive effect on deconstructing white privilege in our own community (though won't by itself solve it) through challenging the comfort of normative assumptions about whiteness that are replicated here.

I'm suggesting that alongside white people within the anarchist community working through and deconstructing their racial privilege, we also need to collectively participate in broader anti-racist struggle. That idea of networks is common and easy to say, but always harder to enact. Still for broader social change to occur it is necessary to keep a view of what is happening around us and to identify where other struggles intersect with ours. This is tactical. The numerous ways that power is enacted as a form of oppression has given rise to an inspiring variety of resistance. Simon Critchley claims that, "The massive structural dislocations of our times can invite ... militancy and optimism, an invitation for our capacity of political invention and imagination, and invitation, finally, for our commitment and responsibility" (2004: website). While this is stirring, it is important to not overlook the significance of commitment and responsibility as a choice of word. It cannot be expected that these networks suddenly appear, just as it cannot be expected that racism will disappear just by calling ourselves anti-racist.


(I Like) Index
The idea i'll not be tied down. I
can drift and survive and see
things and meet people & that
are inspiring. To travel without
plans and expectations.

Note – (1) The account of racism in Australia is obviously incomplete – it has nothing of Indigenous struggle in this country. While I did have a paragraph in my thesis, I left it out here. That's because I feel like I know so little and cannot possibly adequately articulate their dispossession from their own country. How the structures of racism are used against Indigenous people is somewhat different to how they work against foreigners. However, when I talk about solidarity with anti-racist struggle, I definitely include Indigenous struggle in that.

– (2) What I've included here is taken directly from my thesis with a bit of editing. Well actually considering I've cut out half the words, a lot of editing. But those bits weren't relevant (such as a chapter analysing subculture theory. In the end I couldn't really be bothered spending much more time with it and re-writing. I hope it still makes sense despite being in the form of an academic paper.



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STRICTLY BRAWL ROOM

One person required stitches and a mother and son were arrested after a brawl between two dance teams in Wichita, Kansas, that began during an impromptu "dance-off".

It was "a whole new arena" of crime, in the words of Wichita police's lieutenant Jeff Easter.

The Dynamic Steppers were practising routines when members of another dance "drill" team, the White Tigers, showed up and challenged them to a dance-off, police said.

Drill teams are comprised of dancers and drummers. The dancing involves complex choreography and combines elements of military drills with contemporary jazz and hip-hop moves, along with singing and chanting to percussion. Teams often meet in competitions held throughout the US. When the White Tigers appeared to be losing, a woman hit a 17-year-old Dynamic Steppers drummer in the face with a drumstick.

The teen, a former member of the White Tigers, punched the 28-year-old woman in the face. He then got into his car and tried to run over spectators, witnesses said.

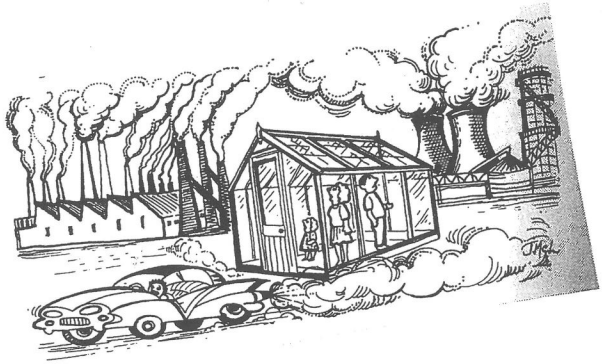
His mother, a Dynamic Steppers coach, grabbed a cardboard cutter and sliced the other woman's arm. The wound required eight stitches.

The mother was charged with aggravated battery, and the son faced assault charges.

Associated Press

(I pretend I don't like) **Index**

Sport. But I love the drama of football. I wish I could make it less fucked but this isn't really somewhere that I can intervene in.



Yesterday London police assassinated an innocent person on a train. This isn't unusual. Police around the world are constantly killing people. They shot him ~~x~~ 8 times. In the head. Jean Charles de Menezes. Add his ~~name~~ name to the roll.

I was flicking through the channels at my parents house, when for the 2nd straight day I came across breaking news. Surely not another bombing. Well that's how the news presented it – terrorist attack averted as police shoot dead suicide bomber. Every second I believed it was a wasted second of my life. And I did believe it – at first. But then... ~~wait~~ hold on there! Government sanctioned hit-squads with a blank cheque? A shoot to kill policy? Police and histories of violence, murder and oppression? "They could've shot anyone", I declared to my mum. "They're so edge, they could've just shot anyone and we'll probably never know." (That last bit reflecting my suspicion police are more than capable of covering up their crimes).

My mind turned to every dark-skinned person in London. This one's for you – take it as a warning, you've all a target. What about any mentally ill person who mightn't act perfectly 'normal' while on the train? Everyone's a target. Forget the terrorists. Fuck suspicion and this climate of fear. How would you like to be any colour but white, be late for work, jump the ticket gate and run for the train today?

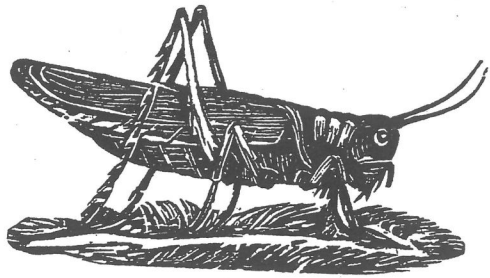
4:55pm, Saturday, September 10th, Redfern Station:

"Passengers for your safety and security, police and security guards randomly patrol this station".

More than 5hrs earlier that day in a cafe in Brunswick, Melbourne: A friend of mine from the USA - an anti-war activist who had participated in protests against the Forbes Global CEO Conference - was grabbed by Federal Police on the grounds of being 'a threat to national security'. More than 5hrs later he had not been charged and not been released.

3 days earlier in Canberra: The Federal Govt announces plans to increase ASIO powers on all levels. Increased surveillance. The ability to tag and track suspects for a year. Police can now hold suspects for 2 weeks without charge. Inciting violence against Australian ~~to~~ security forces is now a terrorist charge. They tried ~~to~~ this during Vietnam. Don't dare oppose the war.

At 4:55pm on Saturday my anger is a ferocious burn that seems capable of igniting every fuse. I'm shaking, tears in my eyes. I start from the lowest point, that everything must crumble before



something new can be built. And I want to personally loosen every screw of every load-bearer in this entire fucking monolith. It's a useful starting point, better than if this was the conclusion of my thought process. And I'm pissed off at every person who has let it get to this point because of their own paranoia - the fear of terrorism that has been swallowed whole while the state implements greater oppressive controls. All in the name of freedom.

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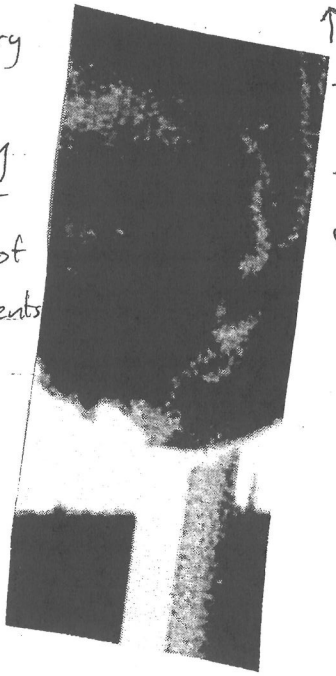
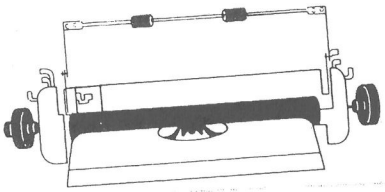
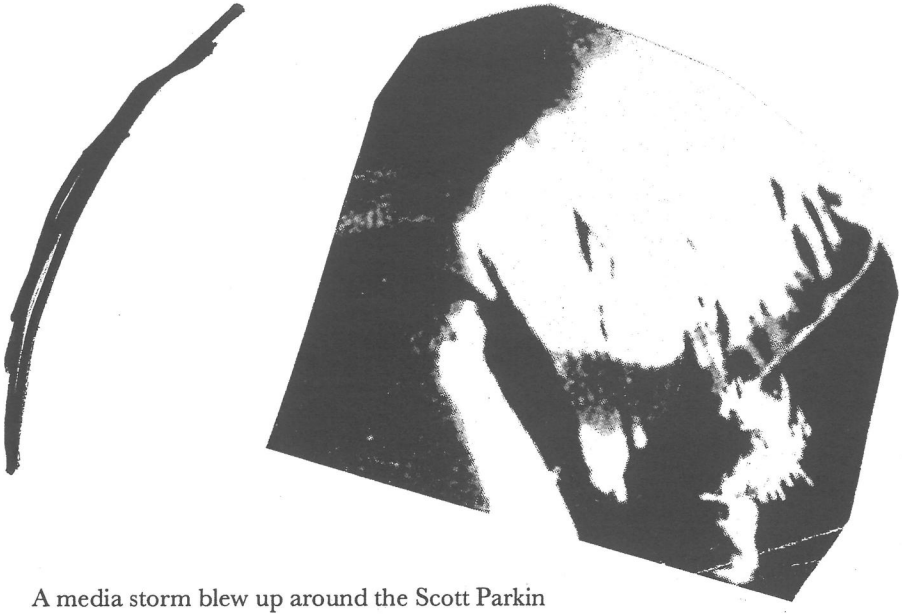


And now paranoia has become the currency of freedom,
And we're paid in full.
And now freedom has become the language of the paranoid.



And those of us not interested in buying into this climate of fear? Well, we can be a little more paranoid too. Waiting for the next time the police knock on our door.

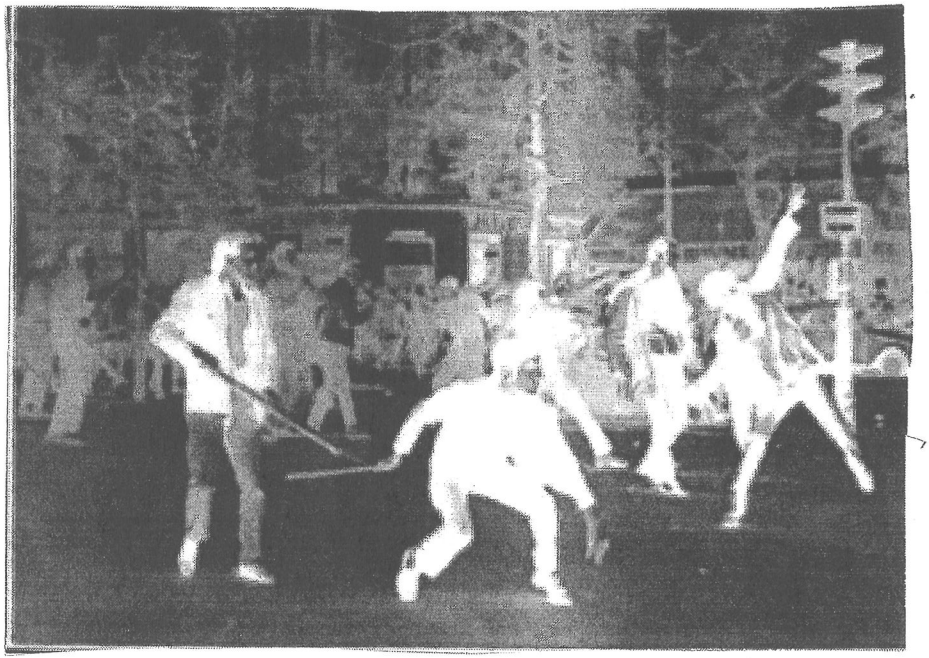


A media storm blew up around the Scott Parkin case. The govt refused to explain why he was 'a threat to national security'. Not that any reasons they could give would be good enough for me. The media was surprisingly good about it too. Greenpeace (whom Scott did some work for) kept feeding them this line that he was a peace activist, a pacifist, and the govt didn't help their own cause by refusing to say anything. Why was a peace activist being detained and then deported? Well, I have a small problem here. I'm not sure we can call Scott a pacifist. And anyway we should never accept this discourse of peace vs violence. That division is what the state wants within anyone dissenting, so that it can point at the pacifists and say "look, we do allow protest", while crushing anyone taking more direct action. I'm not into violence. That's why I'm against the state and it's security forces who are the greatest proponents of violence in this society. But I do support the right of people to stand up and resist, to fight back with whatever force we have. To not just passively sit there while the state enacts violence against you in some doomed quest for martyrdom.

Read 'Pacifism as Pathology' by Ward Churchill.

(I like) **Index**

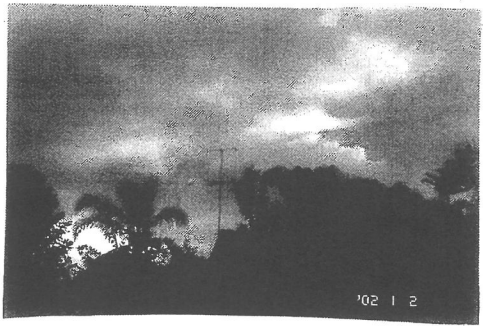
Cold changes cured midnight walks to the park after a stinking, humid day. The wind howls in the trees. No-one else is here. I can think. I can breathe.



Ever had that feeling, when you walk into a party and there's a lot of people and you're not sure if you're in the right place? Everyone looks alike. You're in the middle of this ~~crowd~~ crowd looking for a sign. The people ~~are~~ are friendly enough, but the words coming out of their mouths are incomprehensible. They're saying lots but it's all inane and meaningless. Half of you wants to participate, the other half wants to leave.

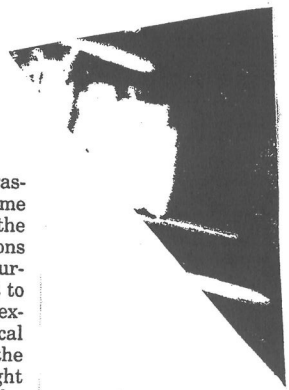
Increasingly feel like that about every single day of our ~~lives~~ lives? With our over-rehearsed movements, dances and responses to the well-scripted theatre being performed before us.

Ever sat on a hill, in one of the last patches of green overlooking some anonymous suburb — houses perfectly squared off, brick veneers and swimming pools — and thought none of this could possibly be real? Everyone so close but no-one in reach. All confined to specific roles, no space to ad-lib. Love, anger, sadness, depression, joy all stripped of meaning by simplistic definitions. Always to be enacted in the same, repetitive ways. An exterior of unsettling calm pervades the spectacle.



These students have insulted their professors. They should be dealt with by psychiatrists. I don't want to take any legal measures against them—they should be in a lunatic asylum. . . . As for their incitement to illegal acts, the Minister of the Interior is looking into that.

—Rector Bayen, Strasbourg University, November 1966



Those troublesome Situationists!

The accused have never denied the charge of misappropriating the funds of the Strasbourg Student Union. Indeed, they openly admit to having made the union pay some 5000 francs for the printing and distribution of 10,000 pamphlets, not to mention the cost of other literature inspired by the "Situationist International." These publications express ideas and aspirations which, to put it mildly, have nothing to do with the purposes of a student union. One has only to read what the accused have written for it to be obvious that these five students, scarcely more than adolescents, lacking any experience of real life, their minds confused by ill-digested philosophical, social, political and economic theories, and bored by the drab monotony of their everyday life, make the empty, arrogant and pathetic claim to pass definitive judgments, sinking to outright insults, on their fellow students, their professors, God, religion, the clergy, and the governments and political and social systems of the entire world. Rejecting all morality and legal restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to commend theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and an irreversible worldwide proletarian revolution with "unrestrained pleasure" as its only goal.

—summing-up of Judge Llabador, Strasbourg, 13 December 1966

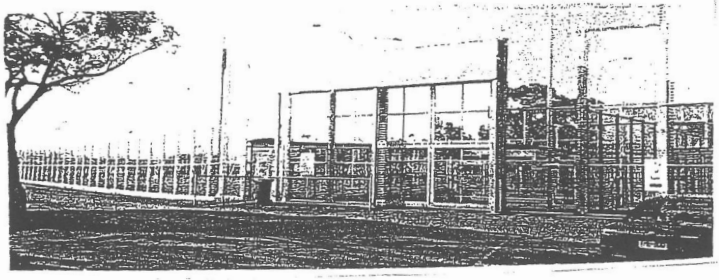
Exploiting Student Unions and pissing off Commies.

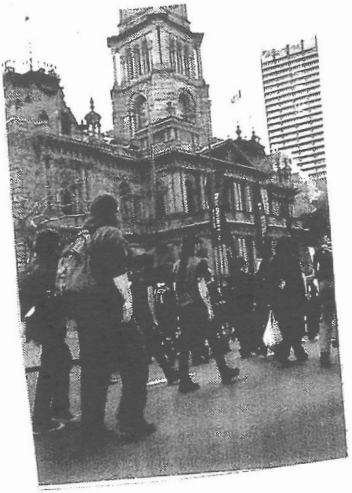
WARNING: Leaflets have been distributed in the Paris area calling for an insurrectionary general strike. It goes without saying that such appeals have not been issued by our democratic trade-union organizations. They are the work of provocateurs seeking to provide the government with a pretext for intervention. . . . The workers must be vigilant to defeat all such maneuvers.

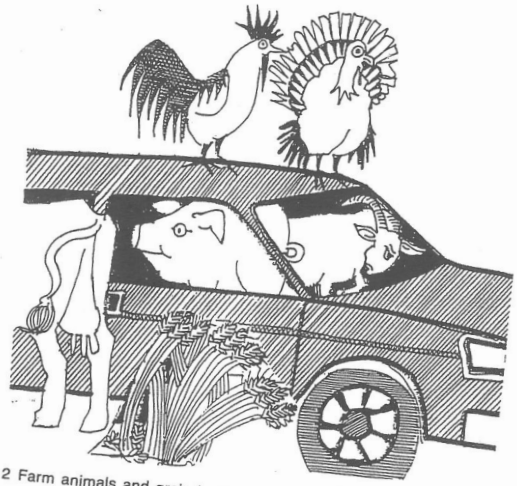
—*Humanité* (paper of the French Communist Party), 20 May 1968

Baxter Detention Centre

More than 2 years on from visiting at Baxter Detention Centre and it still haunts me in so many ways. I feel guilty - I haven't visited any detention centre since. At the time, it seemed like I could have had friendships with so many of the detainees we visited. But this was a false hope. Financially, regular trips to Port Augusta were out of the question for me. But what about somewhere closer? Why haven't I visited Villawood? For ages after, Baxter left me feeling helpless. The warmth, kindness and generosity of those we visited - the sitting around and just chatting like a group of friends until we were allowed to leave and they weren't - left me thinking there's so many amazing people locked away unjustly. I didn't feel like I could do personal relationships, I wanted the whole system. I lost sight of the necessity to start by doing whatever you can on a small level while keeping focus on what's above. I'm not talking about charity. I'm talking about how the two-way intersections between different lives can create the most worthwhile, inspiring moments even on the smallest scale.







2 Farm animals and grain in the car!

From inside Baxter Detention Centre you can only see the sky. This is the frontier. Where the oppressive systems of capitalism and racism intersect with brutal consequences. Where the first world meets the third. Unable to completely deny the tendency of people to move to improve their lives, these cages have been built to contain the slippage. There, in the middle of the desert, the mastery of capital over technology is revealed. The ability of one group o people to interrupt, control and destroy the lives of another. The brutality of it hidden behind the repetitive churning of the system's bureaucracy. Racist whisper-campaigns creating the justification for this military-style policing.

But here there is resistance too. The people inside having transgressed the rules of global capitalism to seek a better life. Their movements expose the system of national borders as an everyday fiction. A system of control that awaits dismantling so that it can be thrown to the vultures of history.

So many days I leave the house with a feeling of trepidation that each moment, each day is an unrecorded scream, an unlit match, a missed opportunity. That our lives might never live up to their true historical potency. That we might not create the greatest story yet to be told.

I'm not worried about running out of time. Mostly it seems that time moves too slow. Tomorrow and forever are just a coaxing lull coated in the sickly, sweet promises of someone else's words. And it feels like as grand as forever might be, it's still too small to contain the urgency of our lives.

That our lives are lived like a timer counting down to zero. But zero is not the future. The future is that long forgotten number, full of false promise, that the timer started at. Zero is today. And each and every moment can only exist today. And today can last as long as we want. Zero means we cannot wait any longer.

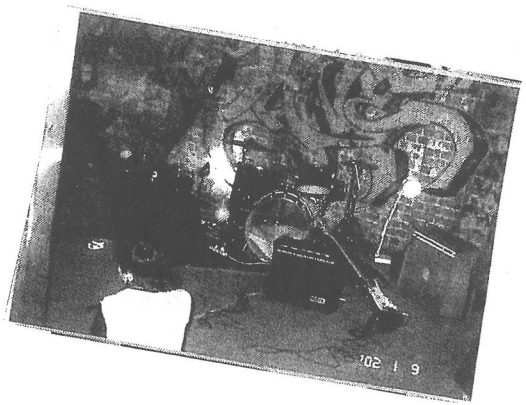
The moths have descended on ~~gg~~ Grove St in my least week here. 100's of 1000's of them. In the orange glow of a springtime dusk they are a blur of hazy brown. Beautiful and eerie. Hovering around the wattle trees that line this street. Weaving in and out of the powerlines. Playing in the headlights of oncoming cars. Not as oblivious as you'd think. The birds will have their feast today - swooping in and flying out of this fluttering buffet. But despite the ~~seemingly~~ seemingly spontaneous, chaotic darts of each individual moth there's something very deliberate about the collective movements of this inseverable throng. A hint of cunning about them.

[illegible] to while making this zine:

Sleater-Kinney, 'The Woods' – Another amazing infectious, melodic, angry release from Sleater-Kinney. Step through the whole range of emotions within this album. Weird bits of noise and feedback that I haven't really noticed on earlier releases.

Propagandhi, 'Today's Ashes, Tomorrow's Empires' & 'Potemkin City Limits' – How exciting! 'Potemkin' having just come out. Not typical of them, longer songs but really that just means more Propagandhi. The immense speed of 'Empires' is still there, but more breakdowns and interesting bits. As always the lyrics are sssooooo fucking amazing and delivered with such passion.

New Justice Team, 'Demo' – Great live Sydney band and surprisingly for a demo it captures a lot of that. Short, punchy songs with a real kick. Vocal delivery is really original for what I've seen in the punk scene and as a bassist I really love how their amazing basslines really come through on the demo.



Conation, 'Dichotomy of Earth and the Human Race' – Definitely one of the more interesting local hardcore bands. Great lyrics. Also have mastered breakdowns that are really inventive (funky even?) and don't seem forced. Melodic when it needs to be, loud and angry when it should be.

Asian Dub Foundation, 'Tank' – This one's for anyone that thinks punk has a mortgage on fist-in-the-air passionate, revolutionary music. Combination of massive groove, brilliant samples and excellent and varied vocals – with sing-along bits, rapped bits and other - makes this not only great music to dance to but to revolt to.

Team Dresch, 'Captain, My Captain' – Ok, so this is really old, but I only came upon it earlier this year. And I'm glad I did. It's just so damn catchy. Yeah, that's it really.

At the Drive-in, 'This Station is Non-Operational' – I've only suggested this one cos it's the best of. So it covers everything. But you should be listening to everything that ATD-I has ever put out anyway. Just fucking amazing range of songs. Curse the day I didn't go and see them.

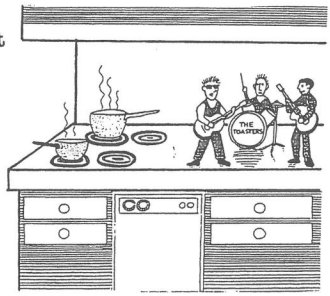
Los Crudos, 'Discography' - 74 songs in 71 minutes! Singer Martin's voice screams with such undeniable urgency, I only wish I could understand Spanish because I get the feeling there's something incredibly inspiring in the lyrics here. Some really nice rhythms produced by the bass underscore every song, weaving in and out of your consciousness as the guitars jump in demanding their moment with cutting, messy distorted riffs. I use that word messy, but moments of melody do become evident and also some incredible sing along songs (which again have me wishing I could speak Spanish). This cd is just amazing. And enormous.

Schifosi, 'Half-lit World' and 'Ill Winds from Autopia' - I'm not always really into this type of guttural screamed vocals, but this album really does it for me. Punk does a lot of things but atmosphere isn't usually one of them. This cd however is underpinned by a really dark, brooding atmosphere that they've created and that supports the type of vocals employed. Still finishes in punk time with sharp and to the point songs. One of the most original Australian bands I've seen.

Refused, 'The Shape of Punk to Come' - This whole album is amazing. Like no other punk I've heard. Angry, of course, but so damn inspiring and catchy in parts. But really I put it in cos I want to talk about track 11 - 'Tannhauser/Derive'. If I could only listen to one piece of music the rest of my life, this is it. That build-up - slow and deliberate. And so melodic and atmospheric. It snatches me from my room to the cusp of something so much more inspiring. Then, then...then the guitars kick in, Dennis screams, the world shatters. The words guide me tearing through the city, any city. A brief pause to allow the significance of what is happening sink in before your off again. "Boredom won't get me tonight". Carried by the wave of noise that takes you to the only possible ending - one last beautiful secret hidden beneath the pavement.

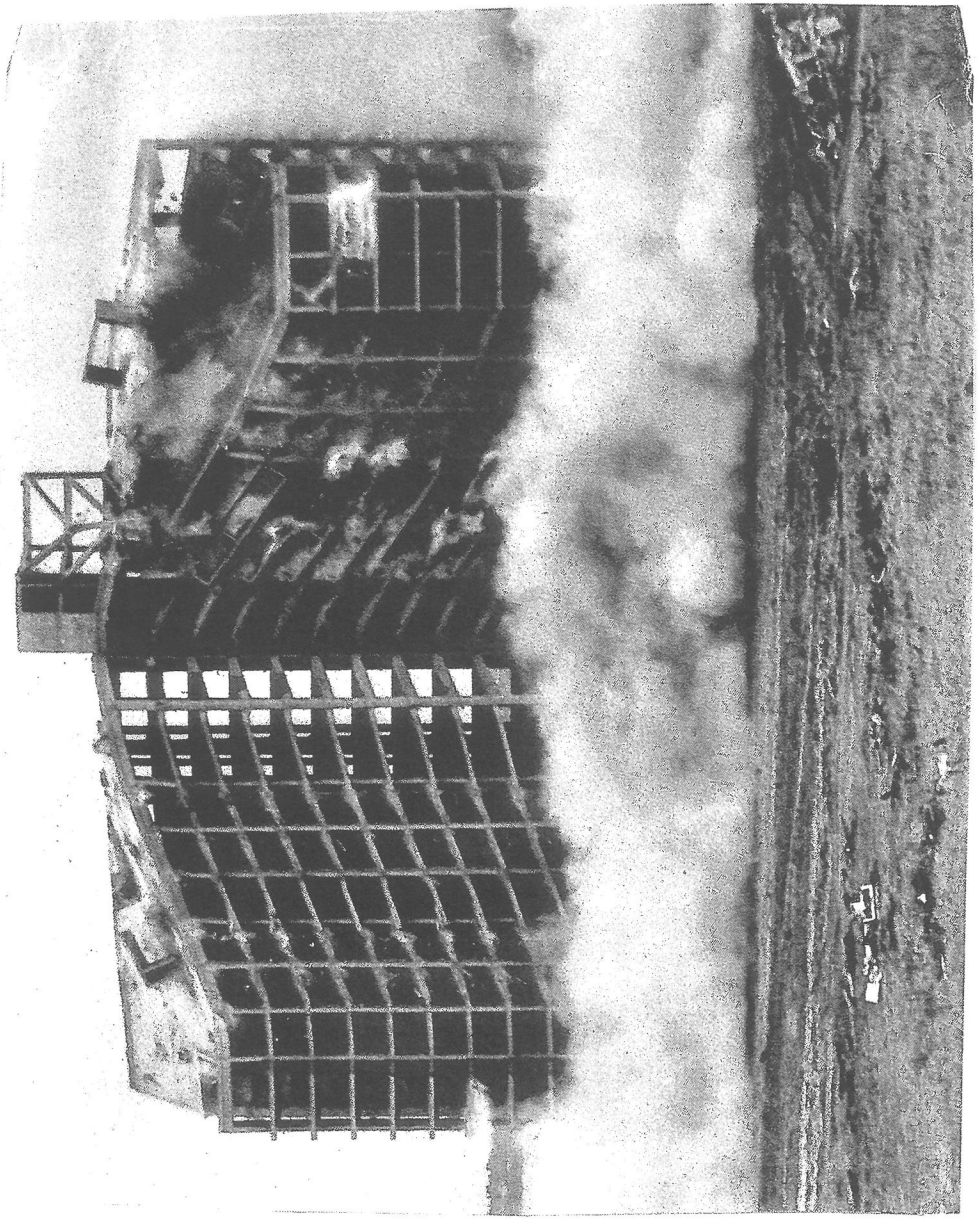
I want more:

The Tossers - Catchy celt-punk with a political edge and thick accent.
The Detroit Cobras - Dirty, dancy, rock n/or roll.
The Pure Evil Trio - Release 'This is Our Music' on cd, punk.
Horrorpops - This time dirty, dancy psychobilly?
Clann Zu - Can't describe them really, but they're great.
Insurge - Well this is old skool, but I've been listening to 'Images of London' lots.
Roots Manuva - Too cool Brit hip hop.
Alabama 3 - You know that 'Sopranos' song? But lots of other great stuff too.



'Better lives have been lived in the margins,
Then have ever been enshrined in palaces'

– Propagandhi

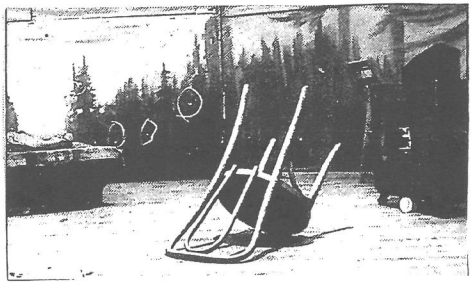


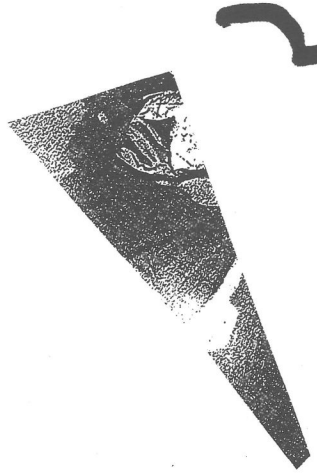
I can't pretend to believe we are going to win.
I'm a cynic, born into one colonised country (Malaysia), with heritage in another (India).

Citizen of a colonised world.

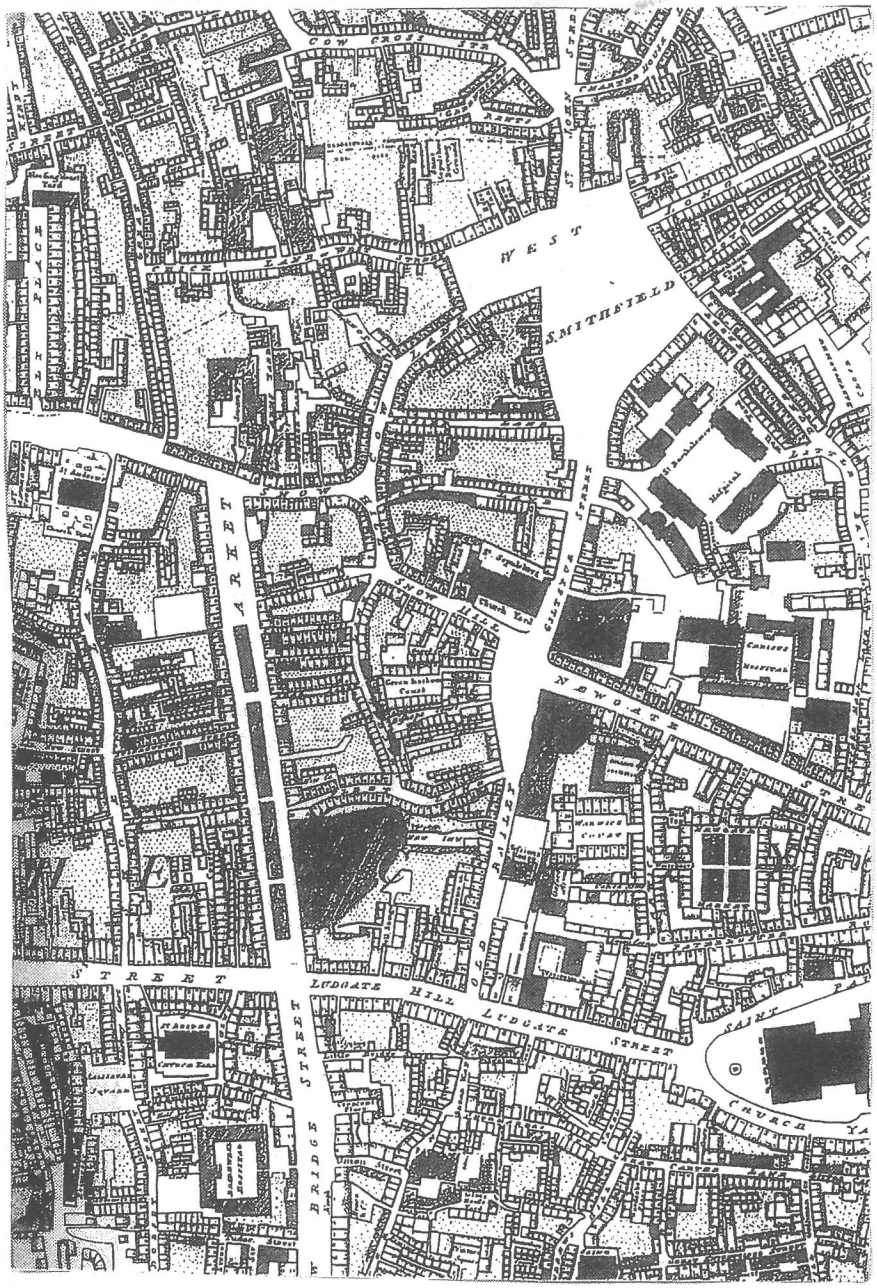
But with the daily reality of billions of lives lived under the heel of a few, it seems something's got to give. I intend to still be around to partake.

When they tried to privatise water in Bolivia, there was a massive uprising against this theft of natural resources.





These things will not go unchallenged.



Lost in the system...